

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 41



So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees.

— Stoddard.

From Here and There

There are 250,000 miles of railroad in America, enough to reach around the world ten times.

The American game of baseball has been introduced into Jerusalem to the intense delight of its cosmopolitan population.

It is predicted that 15,000 saloons in New York City will close October 1, as a result of the Government ban which has been placed upon all breweries, effective in December.

Indiana has been dry only a few months, but the result is striking. Thirty-five jails and one workhouse have closed for lack of occupants, and arrests have decreased fifty-two per cent.

The British during the year ending June 30 brought down considerably more than 4,000 German aircraft, while British machines missing have only slightly exceeded 1,000, it is officially announced.

Secretary of War Baker is again in France, according to a recent announcement from the War Department. The voyage was made aboard a transport which carried the usual quota of United States troops.

The Government is now asking the conservation of peach stones for use in the manufacture of gas masks. Reduced to charcoal powder they filter the poison out of gas, and save the lives of our soldiers. Save your peach stones for Uncle Sam.

Fourteen States in the Union have abolished the teaching of the German language in the schools, and in sixteen other States a campaign to eliminate German is under way, according to an announcement made by the American Defense Society.

On an average, each person consumes nearly a hundred pounds of sugar every year. This is about four times as much as the per-capita consumption forty years ago, and twice as much as your doctor will tell you that you can eat with health.

The first Sunday School in America was conducted by William Elliott in the year 1785, in his home at Bradford's Neck, Accomac County, Virginia. This school was organized only five years after the beginning of the Raikes Sunday school in England.

The order of the Fuel Administration prohibiting the manufacture of beer after December 1, and the prospect of a bone-dry nation after June 30, 1919, as provided in the pending amendment to the food stimulation bill, threaten a serious disarrangement of the taxation schedule embodied in the new war revenue bill.

A Buddhist priest who has been eight years on the way to Lhasa expects to arrive there eight years hence. He started, says the *Montreal Gazette*, from the north-east of Peking, and when met by an English missionary he had completed two thousand miles — about half his journey. He does not walk, but crawls, or, rather, he combines both methods. On his hands he wears boards; on his knees he wears pads. He lies full length upon the ground; then gets up and walks to where his fingers had reached; then prostrates himself and measures afresh. He is under a self-imposed vow, and believes that if he crawls in that manner to the Tibetan holy city, Buddha will forgive him his sins and bestow honors upon him.

According to "Popular Mechanics," a complete hospital train, equipped in an up-to-date manner for modern war service, has been furnished by the State of Maryland to carry wounded soldiers, sailors, and others to our base hospitals. The train consists of a Pullman, express, and dining-car, a dormitory coach, and an operating-car. A special feature is an overhead trolley running through the cars, by which a patient, when placed on a suspended stretcher, can be conveyed with ease to or from the operating-room. The same apparatus can be used in conveying trays back and forth. Electric lights and fans, a call bell for each bed, and screens for the doors and windows, are provided for the comfort of the sufferers in whose service the train will be employed. In the operating-room are a regulation operating-table, sterilizers, linen chests, etc. The cars are the gift of the Western Maryland, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads.

There will probably be an attempt to cross the Atlantic by aeroplane before the end of the present year, for men of science just now are studying the problem with especially keen interest. Newfoundland, the Azores, and Portugal are the proposed "stations" on the route. That course would make the longest continuous flight only a little more than a thousand miles.

Not all the ships that are sunk by enemy submarines are permanently lost to the Allied cause. According to recent reports from London, four hundred seven vessels have been raised and salvaged since January, 1915. Most of them, of course, are vessels that had been sunk in the North Sea, the Channel, or the Irish Sea, where over large areas the water is shallow.

The great elm, called "The Treaty Tree," because under it William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, stood for 283 years, at the intersection of Hanover and Beach Streets, Kensington, Pennsylvania. In 1810, it was blown down, and from its wood many work stands, chairs, vases, and other souvenirs have been made.

The fashion makers, in deference to the request of the Government conservation authorities, have decreed that men's trousers shall be short and skimp and that coats shall have abbreviated tails, and that vests shall disappear. It is calculated that 30 per cent of cloth can thus be saved.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Siege of Jotapata

by Lora E. Clement

THE date was A. D. 67. Rome, the Queen of Nations, presented a pitiful picture of corrupted government and dissolute rulership. Her golden age was but a memory, for this was the cruel age when Nero sat upon the throne of the Cæsars. His legions and cohorts had planted the standard of the eagle along a "far-flung battle line," and struggling sovereignties to the north and south and east and west, crushed in the iron grasp of so powerful an adversary, paid tribute of their lifeblood and gold to the emperor's might and wealth and power.

The Galilean Campaign

The turbulent provinces in Palestine were a constant problem to their Roman masters. No sooner was one insurrection quelled than another demanded immediate and drastic attention. At last, utterly weary of such byplay, Nero determined to complete the subjugation of this troublesome vassal, and as an initial step the Roman army, commanded by Vespasian, undertook the conquest of Galilee.

Jotapata a Refuge

Josephus, the renowned historian, statesman, and a military man of no mean ability, was in command of the Galilean army. But his troops were undisciplined, and at the first rumor of the approach of the Romans terror spread on every side, and the Jews of Galilee shamelessly deserted their leader, the larger part of them fleeing to Jotapata (jō-tā'pa-ta). This fortified town, situated about halfway between blue Galilee and the Great Sea, perched on the very edge of a rugged cliff, was accessible from only one direction, hence was the strongest position in all Galilee.

Josephus followed his terrified soldiers to Jotapata, and with words of hope and courage did much to revive their spirits as Vespasian placed his army in siege formation. First the foot soldiers spread out rank after rank until there were two circles surrounding the town. Beyond these the cavalry formed a third encircling wall. To the beleaguered people this sea of glistening swords and spears and shields appeared as the coils of some huge monster from whose tightening embrace there could be no escape. Then despair and consternation gave place to fierce resentment against their foes.

Beginning of the Siege

The real attack began on May 16, in a battle outside the city walls, which lasted five days. The Romans fought with the steady skill of trained soldiers, the Jews with furious despair. Neither side could claim a victory, but this experience led the Roman general to the conclusion that he could never carry the place by assault against so fiery an adversary, and so he proceeded to prepare for a regular siege by setting all his forces to work in raising an immense embankment opposite the northern wall of Jotapata, which was most accessible. He also prepared one hundred sixty engines for hurling stones, darts, and burning arrows into the city. This made it impossible for the Jews to fight from the walls, and they were only able to steal out in small detachments and attack the soldiers at work on the embankment.

While this annoyed the Romans, still they were able to continue their work; but the Jews could do nothing toward strengthening their fortifications against the threatened assault, until Josephus contrived a shelter of raw oxhides for the workmen. Behind this barrier they toiled night and day, building new towers and battlements.

There were daily conflicts between the besiegers and the besieged. Vespasian warned his soldiers against replying too vigorously to these attacks. His army held the city securely in its grasp. The Jews had no army in the field to cause him trouble, and he reasoned that time must surely accomplish the downfall of the city.

Scarcity of Water

The supply of provisions in Jotapata was plentiful, but water was scarce, since the chief supply came from a spring outside the walls in the territory now held by the enemy. From their great mound the Romans could see the tired workmen, warriors, and civilians gathered in the market place, eagerly receiving their portion of water as it was dealt out to them day by day, and upon this they based their hopes for an early surrender. Imagine, then, their amazement and disappointment to see the Jews hanging out great quantities of cloth dripping wet against the north wall. The audacious Josephus had merely sought to give a false impression regarding their resources, and tempt the adversary, if possible, to abandon the siege and adopt the more direct methods of open warfare. But Vespasian refused to alter his plans, and soon had the battering-ram in operation against the city walls.

The Battering-Ram in Action

Necessity has ever been the mother of invention, and Josephus realized that no structure of stone and mortar, however strong, could long withstand the blows of this huge piece of artillery. Therefore, wherever the Romans directed the formidable ram they found chaff bales in their way, and their efforts were fruitless until they fastened sharp knives on long poles and cut the ropes by which these bales were suspended. In retaliation the Jews made a fierce sally outside the walls, and attacking the mound from three sides, set it on fire. The structure which had cost many days of anxious labor was consumed in one short hour, and a daring patriot broke off the head of the ram with a huge stone.

A Breach in the Wall

But the Romans worked on steadily, and finally after an all-night battle, succeeded in making a breach in the wall through which they prepared to enter the city. But to their consternation they found that new battlements had been hastily erected by the indefatigable garrison inside, and a new siege was necessary to open the way. However, Vespasian felt sure of his prey, and drew his army up in battle array prepared for the final assault.

The Final Struggle

Josephus and his worn-out soldiers knew that they could not resist for long, but they determined to fight

to the finish. Choosing his strongest men and taking his place in the front rank, Josephus and the Jews crouched under the protection of their shields and waited motionless until the Romans had actually planted their ladders against the walls, and then there was a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. As fast as scaling ladders were placed they were hurled down, but new men and new ladders filled every gap, and formed into a phalanx with their shields interlocked over their heads, and the besiegers finally swarmed up the ladders.

However, before they could reach the top the Jews poured an immense quantity of scalding hot oil down upon their heads. Clad in heavy armor, the Roman soldiers suffered terribly, but iron discipline prevailed, and the attack was only temporarily delayed.

As the next companies advanced, Josephus directed that a slippery substance be poured over the plank bridges which spanned caverns and ditches near the walls, making it impossible for the enemy to retain a foothold. Then came darkness, and the exasperated Romans were compelled to withdraw.

A Roman Victory

For forty-seven days Jotapata, with its mere handful of brave defenders, defied the mightiest army of the world, and had it not been for the treason of one of their number, they might still have prolonged the siege. But a deserter bore news to the Roman general of the exhausted condition of the defenders, and advised Vespasian that the best time for attack was the early morning when the tired watchers would probably be asleep. Acting upon this suggestion, the Roman army prepared for a night assault. Providence seemed to favor them, for a heavy mist obscured their movements, and the sentinels were captured or slain without occasioning alarm, and when the garrison was finally aroused, they could see little of what was taking place because of the fog. All resistance speedily ended. The Romans were masters, and a day of indiscriminate bloodshed followed.

At the command of Vespasian the city was carefully searched from end to end for Josephus. Piles of dead were searched in vain, and at last the conclusion was reached that the Jewish leader must be still alive, hidden in some secure retreat. The city was utterly destroyed, and a strict guard set about the ruins. After several days of waiting, a woman was captured who revealed the retreat of Josephus. With forty of the leading citizens of Jotapata, he had taken refuge in a well-like cavity from which a large den opened horizontally, the entrance being invisible from above. Remaining in concealment in the daytime, Josephus went abroad at night, hoping to find some unguarded avenue of escape, but the enemy was always alert.

Vespasian ~~at~~ once sent two tribunes to the Jewish general with the offer of every security for his life if he would surrender. He was anxious to take this valiant adversary to Rome to grace his triumph. At last Josephus consented to give himself up, but his refugee companions expostulated strenuously, begging that he die with them, as befitted a general of the Jews. They finally threatened to take his life if he persisted in surrendering. At last they all agreed to die by lot, the one who drew the first lot to be slain by the man who drew the second, and so on. Now it happened that Josephus and a companion were left alive at the last, and they decided to surrender.

A Remarkable Prophecy

As the Jewish leader was brought before Vespasian there was a general outcry for vengeance, but to a

man, no matter how enraged at his resistance, the Roman soldiers relented at the sight of the youthful general, then only thirty years old, and sympathized with his change of fortune. Titus, the son of the Roman commander, who had been the first to scale the walls of the captured city, interceded earnestly in behalf of the prisoner, and secured from his father promise of most kindly treatment.

As the captive was being led away, he begged the favor of a private interview with Vespasian. When this was granted, Josephus declared himself to be far more than a captive,—the bearer of prophetic tidings. His message was: "Thou, O Vespasian, art Cæsar, art emperor, thou and this thy son. Bind me now still faster and keep me for thyself. For thou, O Cæsar, art not only lord over me, but over the land and the sea and all mankind. Keep me in custody, and punish me if the event shows that I have rashly affirmed anything of God."

The Prophecy Fulfilled

The hated reign of Nero was drawing to a close, and his successor was almost certain to be a Roman general. Vespasian was one of the most able generals of the day, and Josephus, either by his shrewd grasp of the political situation, or by divine guidance, foretold his captor's triumph, thus making a bid for favor. Vespasian was sufficiently interested in this statement to make inquiry regarding the prophetic powers of Josephus, and found that he had prophesied the fall of Jotapata on the forty-seventh day of the siege, and also that he would fall alive into the hands of the Romans. The haughty general was constrained therefore to give credence to his captive's testimony, and though Josephus was still kept a prisoner, he was granted freedom from fetters and treated very kindly. Two years later his prediction was fulfilled, and Vespasian became emperor of Rome.

L. E. C.

Isla de la Bahia of the Sunny Caribbean

IMAGINE a belt of land in the ocean not more than four miles in breadth, but extending in an irregular curve to the length of thirty-five miles or more; the height above the water being not more than half a mile at the very most, but the whole clothed with a mass of the richest and most verdant vegetation. Then picture here and there above the general bed of luxuriant foliage, a grove of cocoanut trees, waving their plumes high in the air, and gracefully bending their tall and slender stems to the breathing of the pleasant east wind, and you have one of the three islands that comprise this group, known as the Bay Island, or Isla de la Bahia.

In some parts the grove is bordered on each side by a narrow beach of the most glittering whiteness, contrasting effectively with the deep blue waters by which it is surrounded. From end to end of the curved isle and just a little way from the island, stretches a long, curved coral reef with its many wonders and unlimited sources of study. Among these are the handsomely colored fishes that dart to and fro in its sparkling waters, some with hooked bills resembling both in color and shape the beautiful parrot that abounds so plentifully along the shores. Upon these reefs, can be gathered shells of varying shapes and colors, depicting almost every color of the rainbow. Here, too, can be seen at various times the kingfisher and the osprey, or fish hawk, hunting for small fish. At the lowest tides many portions of this reef are out of the water, so that one can travel long dis-

tances dry-shod, gathering shells and coral. On the inside of this natural sea wall, between it and the island, is a semicircular space of water, called the lagoon.

The Confusion of the Breakers

Over this line of reef, the sea is breaking majestically. When the long, unbroken swell of the ocean, hitherto unbridled through a course of many miles, is met by this rampart, the huge billows rearing themselves upward many yards above its level, and bending their foaming crests, form a graceful arch, glittering in the rays of a tropical sun as if studded with brilliants. But before the eye of the spectator can follow the splendid aqueous gallery which they appear to have reared, with loud and hollow roar they fall in magnificent desolation, and spread the gigantic fabric in froth and spray upon the horizontal and gently broken beach. Contrasting strongly with the tumult and confusion of the hoary billows without, the water within the lagoon exhibits the serene placidity of a mill pond. Extending downward to a depth varying from a few feet to twenty fathoms, the waters possess the lively green hue common to soundings on a white or yellow ground. The surface, unruffled by a wave, reflects with accurate distinctness the masts of the boats that sleep upon its bosom, and the tufts of the cocoanut plumes that rise from the beach above it.

Such, then, is the Bay Island. While its appearance is one of singular loveliness, its structure is found to be no less interesting and wonderful. The beach of white sand which opposes the whole force of the ocean, is the summit of a rock which rises abruptly from an unknown depth, like a perpendicular wall. The whole of this rampart, so far as one can determine, is composed of living coral, and the same substance forms the foundation of the curved and more elevated side which is covered with the luxuriance and beauty of tropical vegetation. The elevation of the coral at the surface is not always abruptly perpendicular; sometimes reefs of various depths and sizes extend to a considerable distance in the form of successive platforms or terraces, which is the cause of many of our land-locked harbors. Within these harbors many a beautiful boat sits as queen, while at intervals they ply their trade between the island or else to the Spanish Main.

In these islands may be seen little islands, or keys, in every stage of formation: some present little more than a point or summit of a coralline pyramid, at a depth scarcely discernible through the transparent waters; others spread like submarine gardens beneath the surface, or present here and there a bank of broken coral and sand over which the rolling waves occasionally break; still others exist in the more advanced state, the main bank sufficiently elevated to be permanently protected from the waves and already clothed with verdure, and the lagoon inclosed by the narrow bulwark of the coral reef.

The Lagoon Harbors

Though the rampart thus reared is sufficient to preserve the inner water in peaceful and mirror calmness, one must not suppose that all access to and from the sea is excluded. It is these openings that form our channels to the quiet harbors of the lagoons, some of them so narrow and intricate as scarcely to allow the passage of a native canoe, while others are of sufficient width and depth to permit the free ingress of the largest ships. The advantage of these openings is very great. Without them, the island might smile

invitingly, but in vain, as no shipping could be obtained through the tremendous surf by which the shores are lashed; but by these entrances the lovely harbors are converted into quiet and commodious havens where ships may lie quietly while they are taking on cargo, though the tempest howls without. These apertures, or channels, can be seen at a great distance from the shore. In general there is on each side of the channel a little islet, or key, raised on the point of the reef, which being commonly tufted with cocoanut trees is perceptible from a distance of six miles or more, and forms a most convenient landmark. Often fresh water can be had on these small islands, the coral rock acting as a filter.

The natives are great swimmers, and pass many happy hours either in swimming or in canoe racing. These boats may be seen at almost any time of day, their white sails spread out against the blue of the water, causing them to appear like some large white bird away off on the horizon. This, together with many other pleasures, makes the Bay Island a paradise to the native and the foreigner.

R. GIDEON JONES.

The Ledger of Heaven

O, THE wonderful ledger the angels keep!
And the watchful eyelids that never sleep,
And the tireless penmen that watch and weep
Over the words they write!
How oft are the hearts of the angels pained,
And how oft are the pages soiled and stained!
How much is lost and how little gained
In struggling for the right!

'Tis thus I mused, in the twilight gray,
In the deep'ning gloom at the close of day,
Ere I rev'rently knelt by my couch to pray,
And laid me down to rest.
And I dreamed that a glorious angel fair
Had borne me away through the boundless air,
To the pearly gates of that city where
Dwelt the good and blest.

O, the peace I felt, as my mortal tongue
Joined in the songs that the seraphs sung,
As back were the massive portals flung
At the touch of the angel's hand!
We stood on the banks of the river wide,
Which flows from the throne in a crystal tide,
And I safely followed my shining guide
Over that blissful land.

Still on through the ambient air we sped,
Till he laid his hand on my trembling head;
"Behold the ledger of heaven," he said,
And quick on my wond'ring view
There seemed to flash, like a ray of light,
The mystic pen of an angel bright,
As he wrote in the ledger pure and white
The record of life — so true!

And every deed of my life was there —
The careless word and the honest prayer;
And some of the pages were white and fair,
And others were soiled with sin.
And the thoughts of my heart that were long concealed
Were written down and all revealed.
And, O, how I wished that the book were sealed,
And the record were hid within!

And my cheek was crimson as, one by one,
I read the record of deeds I'd done,
And of victories lost that I might have won,
In the hour of mortal strife,
And of gentle words that I might have said;
But, ah! there were hasty words instead;
And now were the golden moments fled,
And mine was a misspent life!

"O, had I but known!" in my grief I cried,
And weeping turned to the angel's side.
"I bring thee hope," said the angel guide,
"Thy Saviour has prayed for thee;
And thou shalt return to the earth again,

And dwell once more 'mong the sons of men.
But, O, remember the angel's pen!
Ah! what shall thy record be?"

With tears of joy at length I woke,
And rose from my couch, for the morn had broke.
"The Lord be praised!" were the words I spoke,
"For the beautiful lesson given.
I will guard my lips with a jealous care,
I will keep my heart from the tempter's snare,
Lest sin be found on the pages fair
Of the record book of heaven."

My soul, how oft have the angels wept
Over the shameful record kept,
While the daughters of Zion have idly slept,
Nor dreamed of their fearful doom!
O, haste, for the moments are passing fast,
Ere the summer is ended, the harvest past,
And the ledger of heaven is read at last,
And the King of kings shall come!

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

A Letter to Girls

AMONG our soldiers are many young men of a high type of manhood, clean and pure as General Grant, who would not suffer an obscene story to be repeated in his presence. Of this type was the man who recently sarcastically remarked to a comrade, "That's what we die for!" as they observed the foolish and loose actions of two young girls who were in the company of soldiers of a lower standard. Our young men who are called to the colors face death that the men, women, and children of future generations may have liberty and justice.

Is it right, girls, to allow them to die for you, if you are untrue to life's highest ideals, if you do not represent the truest womanhood?

Girls, some of our own girls, have not lived up to these high ideals, and have brought disgrace upon themselves, their friends, their church, and their country. This is the deepest blot upon war conditions in the homeland. Such girls are traitors to their country. Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch gives some wise counsel to both men and women, the boys in khaki and their girl friends and acquaintances, that if heeded would prevent the repetition of such traitorous tragedies. Mrs. McCulloch's letter follows:

"MY DEAR GIRLS: It is not only we mothers of soldiers who help the nation, but also you girls. You have been loyally economizing on food and clothing, and unselfishly making many knitted garments and comfort bags for our brave soldiers and sailors 'somewhere in France.' These things will assure them that you in their dear homeland are their loyal backers.

"Your brother, your cousin, and old schoolmates may be over there reading greedily your bravely gay letters telling of home and the neighborhood happenings.

"There may be a sweetheart, also, dearer even than brother or cousin. He, too, will be strengthened by your faith in his courage, his honesty, his unselfishness, and his purity. Perhaps you will never know until after the war how much your confidence in the nobility and cleanliness of your men friends has helped to sustain them amid unusual temptations.

"Heart Will Sing with Joy

"Each girl has been facing the possibility that her old comrade may return without an arm, perhaps a leg gone, perhaps blind, possibly deafened, surely weakened, saddened, and suddenly older. But if each boy friend has kept his moral strength unconquered, his honesty of purpose unbroken, his chivalry toward women unchanged, and his body clean from foul disease, her heart may still sing for joy.

"So many soldiers in other armies, among other nations, conquerors and conquered, have been victims of vice and drunkenness as to have made some believe that vice is an inevitable and necessary accompaniment of war.

"Our President, our Secretary of War, our Secretary of the Navy, know better, and are striving harder than government officials ever did before to keep impurity and intoxicating liquors away from soldiers and sailors.

"A girl might better mourn a dead lover than look forward to marriage with a diseased man who could only father diseased, blind, or defective children.

"Soldiers Need Not Be Ruined

"Our soldiers need not be ruined in this way, and you, girl friends, can help to keep them clean and pure. These soldier friends must treat good girls well and they must resist the wiles of the silly girls so infatuated with handsome uniforms as to go to the limit. They must keep away from evil women who want their money for vice. They need not joke with vicious women. When Christ met sinful women, he saw nothing funny in their condition. Our soldiers can be Christlike.

"You girls must help every day by holding up a high standard of purity for yourselves, keeping yourselves so sweet and clean that your own future sons and daughters need never blush at any escapade of your youth. Your boy friends, dear girls, will hesitate to tell you a vulgar story, or ask you to do an improper act. Their effort to put aside indecent suggestions when with you may become a habit so strongly fixed as to become second nature with them.

"Sign Clean-Life Pledge Card

"Did you ever see the clean-life pledge card which four thousand men of the First Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan signed? It reads as follows:

"1. We undertake to maintain our part of the war free from hatred, wanton brutality, or graft, true to the American purpose and ideals.

"2. Aware of the temptation incident to camp life and the moral and social wreckage involved, we covenant together to live the clean life and to seek to establish the American uniform as a symbol and guaranty of real manhood."

"This pledge you may write out and stick into your letters or knitted articles and urge your soldier friends to sign. If every American soldier would keep such a pledge, think of the tremendous effect in Europe! Pretty girls ravished in Belgium, France, and Italy have learned to dread the soldiers' uniform, but if they see our soldiers stalwart, bronzed, muscular, all-conquering, act like Christ in their treatment of women, they will think that our soldiers are almost like gods, the perfect ideal of real manhood, and our army will win such a moral victory as has never before been won."

They Understood

IN every great general question of the day, the children of the country can be depended upon to have a fair knowledge of the situation. A public school teacher, wishing to learn how conscious her small pupils were that the nation is at war, asked the question, "How can you help to win the war?" The answers given show they had a comprehensive grasp of the situation. Some of these as given in the *Ladies' Home Journal* follow:

Do mother's work, so she can knit.

Pull rosin.

Sell papers and buy my own clothes.

Go without candy and gum.

Go without a Christmas tree.

Ask my parents not to buy me an expensive Christmas present.

Sell old iron for the Red Cross.

Keep well so as to save doctor's bills.

Help my grandma, so she can knit a sweater for my brother when he goes to Camp Dodge.

Eat sorghum instead of sugar.

Get in my wood without being told.

Go without any turkey Thanksgiving.

Sing patriotic songs.

Love and salute the flag.

Send pictures to soldiers.

Raise a garden next summer.

Save my clothes by not letting them get torn.

Stop going to picture shows.

Give entertainments and send money to the Red Cross.

Be careful of my clothes so my mother will not have to patch, and can knit.

Have wheatless, meatless, and sweetless days at home.

Care for a pen of chickens to conserve the beef and pork supply.

Follow the gospel of the "clean plate."

Eat less food.

Gather nuts.

Stop using "bean shooters."

Sell old brass, copper, and zinc.

Save money to go through school so I can take the place of some one who has gone to war.

Send Bibles and papers to soldiers.

Ask for food made of corn.

Go to church and Sabbath school.

Be satisfied with what I have.

Plant trees for gun stocks.

Make inventions for fighting.
 Hold yarn for mother while she winds it.
 Get along without cats and dogs. They eat too much.
 Make scrapbooks of funny pictures and stories for the soldiers.

Kill rats because they eat grains.
 Eat leftovers.
 Save my shoes by not skating on the soles of them.
 Save papers and supplies at school.
 Give ten cents a week to support a Belgian child a day.
 Write cheering letters to soldiers in the army.
 Fertilize my garden now for next year.
 Get along without frosting on my cake.
 Get along without scuffing my feet (save shoes).
 Persuade my parents to sign food pledges.
 Clean rugs.
 Collect tin foil, for it is very valuable.
 Teach others to be thrifty who do not know how.
 Be careful of my teeth so as to save dentist's bills.
 Pick out a cap that will wear the best, and then take care of it.

Sell Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps.
 Always ask, when I buy anything: "Do I really need that?"
 Save pins and buttons off of old clothes for children whose mothers cannot afford to buy them.

Darn my stockings as soon as there is a tiny hole so it won't get larger.

Look over our scrap bags for cloth that can be used for garments or quilts.

Be careful of my clothes by not getting on the ground or pushing others down.

Pick up rags and sell them, giving proceeds to Red Cross.
 Feed my dog nothing but what would be thrown away.

Keep my clothes clean, so my mother will not have to wash them. When she washes them it wears them out.

Make homemade candy and sell it for Red Cross.

Depend wholly upon God.

Go without eating between meals.

Get along without teasing for things.

Ask for wheatless breakfast foods.

Save gasoline.

Do without valentines.

Encourage patriots but not slackers.

Send athletic supplies to camps.

Get along with less jelly on my bread.

Save street-car fare and put the money in my Red Cross box.

Use less sirup on my cakes.

Help grandma so she will find time to teach mamma to knit.

Eat butter substitutes.

Eat potato skins.

Have boiled chicken instead of fried.

Gather wood and coal which might be wasted.

Take care of baby so mother can help in the Red Cross work.
 Study hard.

The Postman in Korea

WHEN Japan assumed control in Korea, many of the antiquated methods in vogue throughout the Hermit Kingdom entirely disappeared. In no other thing has there been greater reform than in the postal system.

In Seoul, the capital, and in others of the large cities the mail is collected from street boxes and branch offices just as it is in our own land. The Korean street mail box is a round affair about five feet in height and painted a bright red. Directions are printed on them in English, Chinese, and Korean. There is also on some of them, and quaintly expressed, the date of their erection. For instance, one, in which one of our missionaries dropped her letters not long ago, was inscribed: "Great Heart, Second Year, First Month, First Day." Great Heart is the special designation of the present mikado of Japan, a name by which his loyal people delight to call him.

A missionary tells us that when she first arrived in Korea and saw these red iron receptacles, looking like nothing so much as the water pumps on the streets at home, to which the fireman's hose is attached, she was quite sure they were the same things till her eyes caught the words which told her what they really were.

Delivery of mail is by carriers, who wear a uniform of brown khaki, with cap and brown leggings and

Korean sandals. Each carrier has two large bags, one for letters and papers, the other for packages. In Seoul, the capital, and the larger cities there are three deliveries a day.

The parcel post has been in operation in Korea for several years. It is very popular, for the charges are moderate, and it is well managed. You can send articles up to eight pounds between the post offices in Korea, and up to four pounds between Korea and other countries. You pay by the weight, unless there are very valuable goods inside, when the duty in addition is collected by the post office from the person to whom the package is addressed. The missionaries in Korea order most of their goods from the United States by parcel post, unless it is groceries or something very heavy.

Some of the rules and regulations of the Korean postal system are altogether different from ours. All money orders are sent direct by the postal authorities themselves. You pay in the amount of money you want sent, then fill out an order, giving the address of the one for whom the money is intended. A receipt is furnished you, but there is no form given you that you send yourself. When a money order reaches a post office in the United States or other destination from Korea, or when one comes to you in Korea, you are notified that it is there, and so you go and get it. Telegrams are delivered by the post-office authorities and by means of special messengers. They are not on yellow paper, as is the form in the United States, but on paper of a bright red hue.—*The Visitor*.

Nature and Science

Being a Bird

O WHAT a splendid thing it must be
 To be a bird and live in a tree!
 To own a thousand of leafy swings,
 A glorious song and a pair of wings,
 To take long trips o'er the fields of air;
 To pack no trunk and to pay no fare.
 Joy of sunlight, no fear of rain,
 Sailing along in an "aëroplane,"
 Looking far down from the ether's height
 At curving rivers like ribbons bright,
 Far from mad traffic's roar and shout,
 And see the earth like a map spread out.
 No dread of tomorrows like phantoms gray,
 No bitter memories of yesterday!
 O, there never was printed or spoken word
 That tells the joy of being a bird!

—Alice J. Cleator, in *Our Dumb Animals*.

Desert Dwellers — No. 2

The Cactus Wren

NEOTOMA is not alone in her use of the cactus as a means of protection. A dozen varieties of birds and mice find in its beneficent spiny masses or under its roots a hiding haven. How it happens that they can dodge the spears and daggers in which all their foes are likely to be caught I cannot say, for never were skins or bodies more tender than theirs. Do each have a guiding spirit?

Among the most clever of these cactus spine dodgers is the desert cactus wren (*Heleodytes*), who can dive into a tree of the awful choya with as much grace and as little fear of getting hurt as a boy can dive into the waters of the "ol' swimmin' hole." In fact, the cactus wren finds the company of cactus so congenial that she not only spends a great deal of her time hunting among its branches for food, but

chooses also to rear her babies in a nest embraced and fortified by its needles. I doubt if there is another member of the wren family who better provides for the protection of her home.

The nest is about the size of a small hornet's nest or of a grapefruit. Every sort of dry shrub has lovingly contributed a twig or two, and the parents themselves have ungrudgingly gathered a lining of softest feathers.

I watched the rearing of a nest of the birdlings last April, and I can assure you it was with great interest. Like all youngsters, they grew amazingly fast, and soon filled the flask-shaped nest to overflowing. Every day as I went out to observe them, I felt certain that I should find one of their little bodies impaled on one of the frightful cactus needles bristling about the edge of the nest. But always was I joyed to see what seemed to me the impossible—every fast-growing, restless birdling still inside the nest.

The clattering songs of the mother in the cool of the desert morning or the heat of midday, were heard about the nest day after day for six or seven weeks. And then one day the nest was empty, and all my birds gone.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

A Metal Earthworm

THE boy or girl who does not find the real earthworm especially fascinating may be interested in the metal variety, for it can crawl or walk much like the garden species, though it does not travel quite so rapidly or gracefully as does our old friend. If you wish to study the metal earthworm make one for yourself as suggested and described by Mr. E. P. Thornton, in the September *St. Nicholas*. He says:

"At first thought it may seem an impossibility for a bar of metal to walk across a floor. A very simple and interesting experiment will prove, however, that it is not.

"To each end of a zinc rod, such as is used in ordinary electric cells, attach firmly short, sharpened legs that point backward. The sketch shows how pins can be used by soldering them to the bar.

"Now place the bar on a hardwood floor or any other smooth, hard surface where it will not be disturbed. In a few days the rod will have advanced about a foot; in a month it will have moved across the room. This movement, although at first very puzzling, is easily explained.

"Whenever the temperature of the room rises, the bar expands, and, in expanding, lengthens. The sharp pins at the rear prevent the bar from moving



backward, and accordingly the expansion pushes the other end forward a little. When the temperature falls, the bar contracts. The sharp pins in front keep that end from retreating, and so the rear end is drawn forward by the amount of the contraction. Thus, the front end is pushed and the rear end is pulled every time the temperature rises and falls. If the temperature changes are marked and frequent, the bar will move across the floor in less than a month.

"The common earthworm crawls in much the same manner. On the under side of the worm's body are fine bristles which point backward, and can be felt when the earthworm is drawn across your finger.

When the worm shortens its body, the bristles in front hold fast, and the rear end is pulled forward. When the worm's body is lengthened, the rear bristles catch, and the front end is pushed forward. The worm crawls backward by pointing the bristles forward. If you should place an earthworm on a piece of glass, it would have great difficulty in crawling, since the bristles would not hold well on the smooth surface."

The Wonderful Bat

THE bat is the only mammal which can fly. Its bones are not hollow, like a bird's, and so its accomplishment is all the more remarkable.

Instead of wings, the bat uses a flying membrane, which extends between its fore limbs, which are short. When not in flight, this membrane folds up something



A VAMPIRE BAT

like an umbrella. It has no feathers on it, and is highly elastic. Just as a machine has to be well oiled to run, so this membrane has to be kept oiled to keep it always elastic. Every evening, before starting out in the air, the bat goes over its flying membrane, much as a cat goes over her fur. The oil, or fat, is secreted in special glands between the nose and eyes of the bat, and is always ready when the membrane is to be lubricated.

Compared to the size of the bat, the flying membrane is very large, forming a wide spread of supporting surface for the small body. Even then, the bat cannot poise or soar like a bird. Its progress through the air is always jerky. But it is wonderfully enduring in its flights, and can dip and swoop for long periods. It can also creep and climb, for its clawlike thumbs and feet can hook on tightly to any projection. On the ground, however, the bat shambles along slowly and clumsily.

When a bat rests, why does it always hang with its head downward? The reason is, that in this position, the moment it lets go, it can spread out the flying membrane and sweep away. It seldom drops, however, unless it chooses to, for the grip of its slender feet is very strong. In winter, when it hibernates in some hollow tree or a barn, it keeps its hanging position for months and months, sleeping always with its head downward.

The bat flies mostly at night. While its eyesight is not remarkable, its senses of hearing and of touch are marvelous. It is believed that when it chases the insects on which it lives, it follows the faint air vibrations caused by their wings. It is said that if a bat is loosed in a room strung with many delicate threads, it will fly about and neither touch nor break one of them.

Farmers should both respect and cherish the bat, for it usually lives upon the farmers' foes—the in-

sects of earth and air. A bat devours moths, beetles, flies, gnats, and other familiar pests. Indeed, it hunts them all night long.

Some bats fly by day, as well as by night, but most species do not come out until nightfall. As it catches its food on the wing, and eats it in the air, it is necessary for the bat to have a wide mouth and sharp teeth. It seldom makes any sound. Because it is a night creature, ugly, sharp-toothed, and silent, ignorant people always have been superstitious about it, and in many countries the flittermouse, as it is called, is considered a bird of the evil spirits, and is much feared.

One reason that the bat sleeps in winter, is that it cannot fly to the South, as the birds do. Instead, it stores up fat all over its body, and goes into retreat, usually with a multitude of other bats. Packed tight together in a bunch, hanging up by the feet, unconscious, stiff, and motionless, with a pulse beating only once in three minutes, the bats look as if they were dead. But when spring comes, they wake up as lively as ever, and come out ready for their work of keeping down the insect crop.

The bat lives everywhere, from the arctic circle to the tropics, where the largest specimens are found. Westell says that there are over four hundred fifty species of bats. There are fruit-eating bats in both hemispheres, though they are most common in south-eastern Asia. The biggest fruit bat, the kalong of Java, has a spread of flying membrane five feet wide, and is usually called the flying fox. It eats small birds and lizards, as well as fruit.

In Texas, Italy, China, and Brazil, there are caves where bats congregate in incredible numbers. An eye witness describes a flight of bats issuing at twilight from one of these caves "in a dark stream, like a moving cloud, for quite two hours, with a noise of whirring wings which sounds like a gale of wind." Outside the owl and the cat, the bat seems to have few enemies—and certainly it is the useful friend of man.—*King's Treasuries*.

The Social Corner

Games for the Social Hour (Continued)

Missionary Songs

A WEEK or so before time for your social gathering, ask the members of your society to look up their favorite songs and to come prepared to give brief histories of them. Then when you have your mission songs game, ask each to tell briefly what his favorite is; why it is his favorite; who wrote it,—if possible, how he came to write it,—and how the music was secured. Some of the young people will be able to tell, in addition, very interesting instances connected with the history of the song, which will be well worth your knowing.

Bible Art Gallery

Some time before your social gathering, arrange to have objects scattered about the room which will represent different Bible characters. Number these objects. When it comes time in your program to visit this Bible Art Gallery, provide your young people with pencils and paper. Explain briefly that these objects represent Bible characters. Tell the young people how many objects are represented. Ask them to inspect these objects, and to write the name of the Bible char-

acters after the numbers corresponding to those found on the objects. The following list of objects is merely suggestive:

A large stone	Jacob
A bowl containing a mess of pottage (beans or lentils will do)	Esau
Five small stones and a little sling	David
A red cord hung on the wall	Rahab
A bag for money	Judas
A basket hanging in the fireplace, or almost anywhere	Paul
A bit of false hair on a twig	Absalom
A bottle of oil and a little meal	Elijah or the widow of Zarephath
A branch with buds	Aaron
A child's coat	Samuel
An old tax receipt	Matthew
An ax with its handle off	Elisha

An Evening with Hobbies

Ask each person to come prepared to tell briefly the story of some prominent person, and to emphasize in his story the hobby of the individual whom he is describing. Most Missionary Volunteers have hobbies of their own, and the rest of the time might be profitably spent in reviewing these hobbies. Perhaps, however, the young people will not regard their hobbies as hobbies. So ask each to come prepared to give another five-minute talk on any subject in which he is most interested; whether it be any kind of sport, or it be nature, or animals, or politics, etc. It would be well also to have talks by one or more on the value of hobbies—the educational, the physical, and the moral value.

A Magazine Evening

It will take considerable literary work to make this interesting to all. However, an evening could be spent very profitably in reading a magazine prepared by the Missionary Volunteers. Weeks ahead some one would have to be appointed as editor, and there should be associated with him several individuals. One might be responsible for a short article or news items on science, another on religion, another on industries, and still another on international relation of countries. Of course, a portion of your paper will be devoted to home and foreign missions. The different lines of work promoted in your society should be represented in the paper, such as news items concerning the Reading Courses and the Morning Watch. Possibly some one could supply an original poem. Many magazines use selected matter, so it will not be necessary for all the articles to be original, but see how interesting a magazine you can get up. Let everything be wholesome, or of an inspirational nature,—something really worth knowing. Of course, when you get together for your magazine evening, the program will be to read all the parts of the paper you have jointly prepared.



A WIRE-CUTTING AUTOMOBILE



THEIR white tents stood well out toward the end of a point which thrust its rocky nose into Long Island Sound.

There were two tents: one in which Jerry and his father slept, and another, smaller but large enough, where they cooked their meals and ate them. They called the first tent the sleeping tent, and the second the cooking tent.

There were two cot beds in the sleeping tent, two trunks opposite the beds, two sweaters and two yellow suits of oilskins on the rope which ran parallel with the ridge pole and two feet under it. There were two pairs of rubber boots in a box in one corner, two pairs of oars in the boat which was pulled up on the sandy shore of the cove near the tents. In fact, any one would have thought that there were only two occupants of the white tents, the pine-covered point, and the clean-lined rowboat. And yet— Well, the people who sailed by the point in their yachts, or steamed by in their launches, saw something beside Professor Marshall and his son Jerry on the shore. And this something was always with them, walking when they walked, running when they ran, lying at their feet when they sat reading in the cool shadows through the long hot summer afternoons. Something? Yes, and it looked like a black mass of a thing, high-standing, big-boned, and muscular.

Yes, the people on the decks of the yachts and the motor boats and launches saw this big black something every time they went sailing or chugging past the point.

But the one who could have given the best description was a tramp who had watched Professor Marshall row out of the cove one afternoon, and had then run up to the tents and found Jerry and this big black something; and the something had reared itself before Jerry Marshall and had proved to be a white-fanged, brown-eyed, ever watchful Newfoundland dog. And the tramp, though he had a club in his hand, had dropped it, and shouting, "Hold him!" had turned and made a straight line for the woods which hid the point from the town behind.

"Good old boy, Larry," Jerry had said, stroking the great dog's head and trying to smooth down the curls which had erected themselves along the Newfoundland's ears.

But though Larry wagged his tail, as he always did when Jerry spoke to him, the big black head kept turned in the direction of the tramp, who still ran as if for his life.

"Good old Larry!" laughed Jerry Marshall.

"Gr-r-r-r-r-r," replied Larry, though he rubbed his head against Jerry's side. For Larry was still thinking of the tramp. And when the man looked back, just before disappearing in the thick woods, he saw the Newfoundland still watching him.

"That point is no place for me," said the tramp, as he came out on the road and faced for town.

When Professor Marshall came back, a few minutes later, and Jerry told him what had happened, Larry was again told what a good old dog he was. Upon which he reared himself on his hind legs and put his front paws on the professor's shoulders. Then he jumped up on Jerry Marshall; and because Larry weighed one hundred fifty pounds and Jerry only one hundred thirty, the two rolled over together on the ground.

"And yet," said Jerry to his father, as they were having their supper an hour and a half later, "I don't like Larry's always being the one to do things for us. I mean, it's all on his side, for there isn't anything I can do for him. You know how he pulled me out when I broke through the ice last winter?"

"Yes, Jerry," said his father, "I shall always remember it." And he looked down to where Larry sat beside him, and put his hand on the great black head.

"I know I ought not to have gone skating,"—Jerry's father had told him not to,—"I know, father," and Jerry shook his head, meaning that he would never disobey his father again. "But," he went on, "it was just the same then as it was today—Larry got me out of the hole. I mean, he scared the tramp by just looking at him and baring his teeth and growling, and last winter he jumped into the water and held me up until the men came with ladders and got us both up on the ice. It's always Larry that does the favor and gives the help, and that isn't right. *It ought not to be all on one side that way!*"

"You are right, Jerry," said his father; "Larry is only a dog, of course; but he is true and faithful, and he has done more than you and I ever can repay. If we ever have an opportunity to do anything for Larry, we'll be glad, Jerry, very glad."

Hearing his name, the Newfoundland rose from his haunches and rubbed heavily against Professor Marshall and then against Jerry.

"Oh, I know! you don't want anything done in return," said the professor; "but Jerry and I are not going to take favors and forget them, old boy!"

And Jerry looked at Larry earnestly, for the boy played fair in everything he did, and he was longing for an opportunity to show his gratitude to the great dog. "I wish it would come," Jerry thought that night, after he had gone to bed. "I wonder if it ever will."

Coming? Yes. Jerry's opportunity was on its way.

The next morning the three walked to the town two miles away; and while Professor Marshall waited for the mail to be sorted, Jerry and Larry walked down to the dock, for the dog was hot and dusty, and Jerry knew that a Newfoundland, when he felt that way, would rather have a swim than a steak bone. And the minute Larry saw the water, so cool and close, he trotted down to the steps and in another instant was swimming lazily about.

There were several women and children on the dock with Jerry, and they came to the rail and laughed and cried out as the big dog passed, then turned, swam back to where Jerry was, and turning once more, swam off again. Then, knowing that the dog was refreshed, Jerry whistled to him and started back down the dock to the land.

But instead of swimming to the steps, as Jerry had expected, Larry swam toward the shore, until, seeing Jerry on the dock, the dog turned and swam along under it.

"All right," called Jerry; "you swim in under it, and I'll walk along on top of it!" Jerry laughed,

as he bent over the railing, and Larry, meeting his eyes, seemed to wag his tail.

Then, suddenly, Larry seemed to have stopped swimming. No, not that, either, Jerry saw, for the big, black paws still swung through the water; but something was the matter, for, though Larry still swam, he did not move ahead an inch.

"What is the matter, Larry?" Jerry called, for he always spoke to him as if Larry were a boy. "What is the trouble down there? Are you floating?"

But this time Jerry's voice received no answering movement from the Newfoundland's head.

"Larry!" cried Jerry. "Larry!"

Still the great dog answered by neither act nor sound. Silent, his big, curly head thrust straight before him, Larry was trying, trying, trying — That was it! What was Larry trying so hard to do?

Then, in another moment, he began to swim around in a circle, his head and the front half of his body moving as if on a pivot, his hind quarters remaining just where they were. And now a low whine came from the great opened mouth — the big black head turned desperately toward the boy.

"Jerry! Jerry!" he seemed to be saying; "don't you see what is the matter? Won't you do something to help me, Jerry?" Around and around in a circle went the black head and shoulders. They were settling a little lower each time in the water. "Jerry, oh, Jerry!" those whines and chokes meant. "Jerry! I'll be drowned, Jerry, if you don't get me out of here!"

Dumb with fear, his heart breaking, but unable to understand the great dog's curious actions, Jerry looked down from where he had thrown himself on his face on the dock, just above Larry.

"Larry! Larry!" he cried out. "Oh, Larry, tell me what you want me to do!"

And then he understood it; for the dog's desperate efforts relaxing, the water was no longer foam, and Jerry could look down into it and see — a rope wound and twisted about Larry's body, a rope with one end tied to the dock and the other to a rowboat. *Larry had swam over it; the rope had caught just inside his hind legs; the dog had tried to free himself and it had held him only the tighter.* And now the rope was twisting even tighter as poor Larry swam around and around! The great dog was becoming exhausted! Drawn up, part way out of the water, as the hind half of his body was, by the twisted rope, the dog's head was settling lower. As yet it was still above the tide which lapped his jaws, but in another minute —

Jerry rose to his feet in one swift, athletic spring; another, and he was flying to the dock head; a third, and he had his knife out and had cut the painter of a boat moored at the steps. And in what seemed to the women around him only one other flash, Jerry Marshall had caught up the oars and was sending the boat toward the tired, brave, black head.

"Larry! Oh, wait just one second more, Larry! Good Larry, old boy, just one second more!"

And Jerry Marshall was rowing as he had never rowed before in his life, rowing straight to the head, which had raised itself just a little toward him; and the brown eyes, steadfast, though all but hopeless, seemed to answer him.

And then Jerry's knife went through the rope which imprisoned the dog he loved; the rope fell, and Jerry's father, flying toward them down the dock,

saw a boat with a boy lying face down over its bow, and in the boy's arms the great black, curly head of the dog which the water had tried to take — and lost.

"Here we are, father!" called Jerry. "The water did not get over his mouth, though it wanted to! Oh, Larry!" the people on the dock heard the boy say, "wasn't that a *beauty*?" Jerry meant the clean dive which Professor Marshall had taken from the railing of the dock.

Then the stern of the boat lowered, as Jerry's father swarmed over it; and the professor's big hand fell on the collar about Larry's neck.

"Larry," said the professor, "it's all done; and Jerry did it! The only thing left is for you to take a good breath, and then, old boy, *in you come!*"

A heave — a scramble of black feet and legs — a laugh from the boy as his arms went around Larry's neck — and a proud laugh from the professor as he looked at his boy!

"Jerry," he said, "this is what I call taking *your opportunity!*"

The boy looked up at him. "Why, that's so!" he said. "It *was* my opportunity, *wasn't* it, father. I didn't have time to think of it!"

"That is generally the way," said the professor. "But Larry —" For Larry, weak though he was, had crawled closer to the boy, the deep, honest eyes were on him. And Larry understood! — *St. Nicholas.*

For the Finding-Out Club

[A correct and well-written list of answers to any set of questions in the Finding-Out Club entitles the reader to membership in the club. Each additional set is indicated by the small figure at the right of the name.]

1. WHAT heathen king suffered a taste of his own cruelty at the hand of Judah?
2. What was the early name of Bethel?
3. Who was the founder of another town by the name of Luz?
4. What city in Palestine was called "the city of palm trees"?
5. Where were the brazen furniture for the temple, the altar of burnt offerings, the great laver supported by twelve oxen, the lavers of smaller size, with many other vessels, made?
6. Why was Solomon's temple erected noiselessly, without the sound of hammer or nails?
7. Was Solomon reconverted before his death?

Answers to Questions in "Instructor"

September 3

A Queer World

A pin has a head, but has no hair;
A clock has a face, but no mouth is there.
Needles have eyes, but they cannot see;
A fly has a trunk without lock or key.
A watch has hands, but no thumb or finger;
A shoe has a tongue, but is no singer.
Rivers run, though they have no feet;
A saw has teeth, but it does not eat.

— Christina G. Rossetti.

September 10

Henry Clay is the statesman.

Members of the 1918 Finding-Out Club

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Mrs. E. Maude Bostwick²
Della M. Burdick

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The Birthday of a Song

OVER one hundred years ago our country was at war with Great Britain. This war is called "the War of 1812."

During the summer of 1814 the British won a victory over the Americans at Bladensburg, and then marched upon the city of Washington, where they burned the Capitol, the President's residence, and many Government offices, and took many Americans prisoners, among them Dr. Beanes, a well-known physician.

Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer from Georgetown, was a friend of Dr. Beanes, and he was determined to set his friend free if it were possible to do it. So, with an American officer, he boarded a small American boat and, flying a flag of truce, sailed down Chesapeake Bay to meet the British fleet.

Admiral Cochrane received them on board his flagship and heard their story. "Why should Dr. Beanes be carried away as a prisoner?" asked Key. "He is not a soldier and has done no harm to the English." Key pleaded so earnestly for his friend that at last the admiral consented to let Dr. Beanes go.

"However, you cannot go back tonight," said Admiral Cochrane, "for we are to attack Baltimore, and you and your friends will have to remain in your own boat under guard until tomorrow morning." He was afraid that these Americans would tell of his plans.

When the British arrived near the city, they tried to take it by firing from the water; but on a height, overlooking the bay, stood Fort McHenry, and all night long, as the British poured forth shot and shell, the Americans in the fort sent answering volleys.

The three friends paced the deck of their boat, anxiously watching. The last thing they saw, as the darkness came on, was their American flag, with its stars and stripes, flying over the fort. Sometimes the bombs bursting in air made such a vivid glare that the men could see the flag; then all would be in darkness amid the dreadful roar of the bombardment.

Toward morning—the fourteenth of September, 1814—the firing suddenly ceased, and the men did not know whether the British had given up the attack or the fort had surrendered; they could hardly wait until daybreak. At last the sky began to grow gray and, looking toward the fort, they saw a flag flying, but the morning mist and the clouds of smoke made it difficult to see, and as the wind blew it to and fro they could not make out whether it was the English flag or the American flag. Then a rosy light came across the eastern sky, and they saw their beloved Stars and Stripes, and knew that their city was saved from the enemy.

Francis Key was so happy that, seizing an old letter, he scribbled on the back of it a poem which expressed his feeling as he watched the flag through that long "perilous fight."

When the British commander let Key and his friends go back to Baltimore, Key wrote the words and gave them to a friend; the friend found some fitting music, and the song was printed, and sung in the streets, in the theaters, and, at last, all over the country.

The Government decided that "The Star-Spangled Banner" should be our national song, and that whenever it was played the soldiers and sailors should stand at attention and give the military salute; and whenever or wherever we hear it, we should stand at once and show our loyalty to our flag and our country.

Now our flag is placed by the side of the British flag and the flags of the Allied countries, as we are all fighting for the freedom of the world, and we feel especially the truth of the words of the last verse of this song, which every one should sing at this time:

"Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto: 'In God is our trust.'"

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Our Words

THE unrestrained and informal talk of one who has learned of Jesus, is an index to the heart. If his heart is not right, his words cannot be, no matter how carefully he guards them. We are exhorted, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." If the heart is right, the words will be right, "for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The great secret of the pure words of Christ is that he did no sin.

Back of all worthy speaking is a true, pure life. Our words have no more power than our life. Imagine a person who is stealing from his neighbors, counseling them never to take that which is not theirs. Will it influence them not to take from another when they know that the person giving the advice is on his way to sell some chickens he stole of them the night before? Imagine the effect of hearing a minister exhorting his congregation to be true to principle when in his daily life he is deceiving his members. How will they feel about it when they find him out? The words "Christian," "prayer," and "consecration," when used by people of no principle to further their selfish ends, become a reproach to the cause of truth. These are words that mean much, and should never be used except in their right relation to sacred themes. Our life must be in constant accord with right principles in order for our words to be genuine.

EDITH MANBY.

WE hear and read about a cantonment, but I wonder if we know what it means just to build one. It requires at least 43,700,000 feet of lumber, 8,938 doors, 224,909 square feet of wire screening, 20 carloads of nails, 30,300 electric lamp sockets, 561,792 feet of telephone wire, 179 miles of piping, and 20 miles of roads. There are 1,371 buildings in some of our cantonments.

Did you do a kindness to some one today?

Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN Secretary
 MATILDA ERICKSON { Assistant Secretaries
 ELLA IDEN {
 MRS. I. H. EVANS Office Secretary
 MEADE MAC GUIRE Field Secretary

Starters and Finishers

I HAVE been looking over your society this past week," announced the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the Man-Proud-of-His-Society.

"O, it is running along well enough in a way, but I fear there is something wrong with it."

"Wrong!" echoed the M. P. O. H. S. "Why, I thought we had a pretty good society."

"So you had," agreed the secretary; "the past tense is correct."

"What do you think is the trouble?"

"That is what I have endeavored to discover. You remember that I was here last year at about this time?"

"Yes, I do."

"At that time you had a Standard of Attainment class under way, did you not?"

"Yes, we did start one."

"How did it turn out? How many received certificates?"

"Why — er — none. We started with fifteen members, and kept along very well for a while; then the leader was called away, and we sort of gave the thing up."

"O, I see. And was there not also talk of a campaign to increase the attendance at the meetings?"

"Yes, we did plan something of the kind."

"How did it work?"

"It started out pretty well at first; but later we got on track of a scheme that seemed to be better, and so we dropped it."

"I see. And how about the new scheme? You tried that, of course?"

"Yes, we tried it; but it did not work so smoothly as we thought it was going to, and so we soon gave it up."

"How did the convention succeed? I mean that big one, the one that was going to beat anything ever held in the town. The chairman of the committee was carried away with the idea."

The Man-Proud-of-His-Society flushed slightly.

"We completed our plans all right, but when we got into it, and saw how much time and work the thing was going to require, we decided we'd better give it up."

"So that's accounted for. The last time I was here I am quite sure that I was invited to a five-minute prayer service before the regular meeting. Did you forget to give me an invitation this time?"

"No, we have not held the meeting for several weeks. The committee started it, but after a while found that the members were not taking much interest in it, and so we decided not to bother with it."

"That is unfortunate. It was your society, I believe, that was to have earned this year fifteen Reading Course certificates and have ten to complete the Bible Year. Have you neglected to put the stars on your chart lately? I see very few are up to date."

"O, we have taken credit for all we are entitled to, I suppose," reluctantly admitted the leader. "We did start out with that goal, but somehow we have fallen behind."

"It is very evident that you have," agreed the conference secretary. "Do you not realize now that there is something the matter with your society?"

"Yes, I see that there is something radically wrong."

"You have plenty of starters, but not enough finishers. You need to add the Glue family to your membership list. It is easy enough to start something, but the real test comes in finishing things. The record of completed work is the record that other societies like to read."

"You seem to have located the trouble accurately," acknowledged the Man-Proud-of-His-Society; and I am greatly obliged to you. It is strange that none of us realized this condition before. I shall begin at once to finish the preparation for next week's meeting, which I started night before last and laid aside until a more convenient time.— *Adapted.*

Our Counsel Corner

We Need Your Assistance

"Please do not leave out of the INSTRUCTOR any of the Missionary Volunteer material," wrote a reader of the INSTRUCTOR recently. Then she went on to say that many young people take the INSTRUCTOR because it gives information about the young people's work. We are glad to hear this; but if we are to "keep going," we need your help, Missionary Volunteers. Our supply of questions for the Counsel Corner is running low. As soon as you read this, will you not take time to write out some questions which you would like to have answered in our Corner? Mail them to the Missionary Volunteer Department, and if they are questions which would interest other young people we will use them in the INSTRUCTOR. If they are questions which are of interest to you alone, we shall be glad to send you a personal answer, if you will inclose a stamp for reply. Address all communications to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C.]

THE young people in our society like to read what they call the "interesting" books in each Reading Course, but we cannot get them to complete courses. Could they receive certificates for reading any four books which have appeared in the Reading Courses?

N. R.

Our ideas of what is "interesting" change as we cultivate a taste for a wide range of good and helpful books. Often the books which appeal to us least are the very ones we need to help us to build a strong and noble character. Young people need to take themselves in hand if they find they do not care for what is called *solid* reading. By persistently reading a course of carefully selected books, not slighting those which seem uninteresting, a genuine liking for what is worth while will gradually result.

Our Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses are well-balanced and carefully planned, and have proved of inestimable value in assisting young people to form good habits of reading.

No certificates are granted to those reading only parts of different courses. One must read *all* the books in a course before he has earned a Reading Course certificate.

E. I.

"HE hath showed unto thee, O man, what is good; and what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Micah 6:8.

The Kafir Soldier's Conversion

AN instructive example in the records of genuine repentance was that of a Kafir soldier who came to Missionary Clarke some time ago to inquire how he could obtain peace of mind. He was a young man, a strong young man, a hero in South African wars, and his body was marked with many scars. His abundant woolly hair was built up in an enormous cone like a helmet on the top of his head. Great heavy rings hung in his ears, and round his neck, and on his breast and arms and ankles were fantastic chains and bracelets and rings and greegree charms, carved by himself with superstitious labor and pains, out of metal and bone.

He was a thoughtful idolater, conscious of wrongdoing and the need of the favor of heaven, and he had made gifts, and slaughtered oxen, and tried every way he knew to appease the dark deities whom he supposed he had offended. He told the missionary so, and that all he had done only made him more dissatisfied and wretched.

"My soul is empty," he said. "There is nothing in the old religion that can fill it."

"Come to the great God who made heaven and earth. His pardon will give you peace," said Mr. Clarke.

"Tell me about him; I want to know."

"He sent his Son into the world to give his life for you and me, because all are sinners and must have a Saviour. Jesus Christ is that Saviour, the only One who can help you."

"What does he want me to do?"

"He wants you to believe that he is your Saviour, and give up yourself to him, and throw away all your old gods."

The missionary spoke solemnly and tenderly, and the Kafir sat in deep thought. A struggle was going on within him, and tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"It is not your oxen," continued Mr. Clarke, "nor costly presents, nor great deeds, that can bring you forgiveness of sins. All your sins, all your old life, must be put away, and you must begin anew. You have been bound a slave of Satan, the father of sin, and until you get loose from him and give yourself to Christ, you can have no peace."

The poor African prayed, in a voice broken by sobs, "O God, help me to break the bonds of Satan!"

"And now, if you wish to be the devil's servant no longer, are you willing to be Christ's? Can you say, 'Lord, take me, take my all?'" After a moment of silence the Kafir raised his head, and showed an altered face. The look of trouble was gone.

"I do," he said. "I give myself up to God, give him all."

"Then you are a new man?"

"Yes."

"A Christian, you are not a heathen any more?"

"No."

"Then you give up everything that is heathen, the wild dances, the fighting, and the beer drinking, and the greegrees?"

The Kafir looked at his barbarous ornaments.

"Yes, master, I now throw them all away," and forthwith he began to tug at his bracelets. The chains came off his neck, and the rings from his ears. His mind, enlightened by grace, had traveled faster than the missionary led him. He saw the "cords of Satan" not only in his vices but in his decorations. They meant idolatry, and he hated them now. One thing more remained — his tall headdress. It was so packed

and woven that it could not easily be pulled down. The converted Kafir drew his knife from his belt to cut it off. Mr. Clarke told him that if the headdress seemed to him to be really a part of his old pagan life and habit, it was right to sacrifice it, and he would help him. Nothing short of this would satisfy the young man, and a pair of scissors was brought, by the aid of which he was very soon eased of what was no longer a pride but a burden. There could be no greater proof of sincerity. Almost the last thing a South African heathen will part with is his braided pyramid of hair.

And now the man was free. He felt free. Shorn of all his former pride and trust, he said, "I am only a little child."

"The very words of your heavenly Master," replied the missionary. "You have them in your heart, though you have never heard them. 'Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"

It was the true experience of transforming grace. The wild Kafir warrior was a newborn Christian.—
Theron Brown.

Suppose

SUPPOSE the dandelions
Were painted gaudy red,
And all the sweet blue violets
Were changed to pink instead;
Suppose the apple blossoms
Were all a brilliant blue,
And all the ground was yellow;
I wonder what we'd do?

Suppose the trees were purple,
And buttercups were green,
While not a single grass blade
But crimson could be seen;
Suppose each time the sun shines
Somebody had to pay;
I think, when it came my turn,
I'd have a rainy day!

Suppose we changed our faces,
Just as we change our dress,
And friends, each time they met us,
Our names would have to guess,
Because we had a new one
For every day or so;
How would they recognize us?
I'm sure I'd like to know.

Suppose we all walked backward,
And everywhere we go,
We'd have to be so careful,
And walk so very slow!
I think I'll stop supposing,
I'm glad it isn't true;
I'm sure our heavenly Father
Knows what is best, aren't you?
— *Edith L. Young.*

ALBERT, who often forgot to hang his coat on its proper nail, himself suggested the remedy. One night he went up and down the stairs twenty times, hanging his coat on its nail and taking it off again. That helped. But one day he again forgot. His mother called him in from a game of baseball, and he began to march up and down the stairs, hanging up his coat at the proper time on each trip. He never forgot that lesson.

THEN pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

— *Longfellow.*

The Sabbath School

III — The Golden Calf

(October 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 24; 32.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Ex. 20: 3.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 315-330; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 188, 189, 215-217.

"There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath."

Questions

1. After the Lord had spoken his law from Mt. Sinai, what did he call Moses to do? What did he say he would give to Moses? Ex. 24: 12.
2. Who went up into the mount with Moses? Who were left in charge of the camp? Verses 1, 13, 14, last part. Note 1.
3. What was the appearance of Mt. Sinai at this time? How long was Moses in the mount? Verses 15-18. Note 2.
4. While Moses was communing with God in the mount, what were the people in the plain doing and saying? Ex. 32: 1. Note 3.
5. What did Aaron say to the people? What did he do with the gold they brought? Verses 2-4.
6. What proclamation did Aaron make? What did the people do the next day? Verses 5, 6.
7. What warning of their idolatry was given to Moses? Verses 7, 8.
8. What did God say of Israel? What did he say he would do if Moses would let him alone? Verses 9, 10.
9. What did Moses ask the Lord? What did he tell the Lord the Egyptians would say? Of what promise did he remind the Lord? What did the Lord then do? Verses 11-14. Note 4.
10. What did Moses have with him as he came down from the mount? Verses 15, 16.
11. What did he and Joshua hear as they came near the camp? What did Joshua think it was? What did Moses answer? Verses 17, 18.
12. When Moses came near enough to see the idol and the dancing, what did he do? Verse 19.
13. What did he do with the golden calf? Verse 20.
14. What excuse did Aaron make when Moses asked him why he had brought so great sin upon the people? Verses 21-24. Note 5.
15. What did Moses call out as he stood in the gate? Who came to him? Verse 26.
16. What did he command the Levites to do? How many of the leaders lost their lives that day? Verses 27, 28. Note 6.
17. What saved Aaron from being destroyed? Deut. 9: 20.
18. At a later time what did God again give to Moses? Ex. 34: 1.

Side Lights

Read the story of the lesson as Moses told it later. Deut. 9: 9-20.

Notes

1. "Moses and 'his minister Joshua' were now summoned to meet with God. And as they were to be some time absent, the leader appointed Aaron and Hur, assisted by the elders, to act in his stead."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 313.*
2. "For six days the cloud covered the mountain as a token of God's special presence; yet there was no revelation of himself or communication of his will. During this time, Moses remained in waiting for a summons to the presence-chamber of the Most High. . . . During the six days, Joshua was with Moses, and together they ate of the manna, and drank of 'the brook that descended out of the mount.' But Joshua did not enter with Moses into the cloud. He remained without, and continued to eat and drink daily while awaiting the return of Moses; but Moses fasted during the entire forty days."—*Ibid.*
3. "The 'mixed multitude' had been the first to indulge murmuring and impatience, and they were the leaders in the apostasy that followed. Among the objects regarded by the Egyptians as symbols of deity, was the ox or calf; and it was at the suggestion of those who had practiced this form of idolatry in Egypt, that a calf was now made and worshiped. The people desired some image to represent God, and to go before them in the place of Moses."—*Id., pp. 315, 316.*
4. The words of God, "Let me alone," Moses "understood not to forbid but to encourage intercession, implying that nothing but the prayers of Moses could save Israel, but that if thus intreated, God would spare his people."—*Id., p. 318.*
5. "If Aaron had had courage to stand for the right, irrespective of consequences, he could have prevented that apostasy. . . . To justify himself, Aaron endeavored to make the

people responsible for his weakness in yielding to their demand. . . . Aaron's yielding spirit and his desire to please had blinded his eyes to the enormity of the crime he was sanctioning. His course in giving his influence to sin in Israel, cost the life of thousands. . . . Of all the sins that God will punish, none are more grievous in his sight than those that encourage others to do evil."—*Id., p. 323.*

6. "It was found that the tribe of Levi had taken no part in the idolatrous worship. From among other tribes there were great numbers who, although they had sinned, now signified their repentance. But a large company, mostly of the mixed multitude that instigated the making of the calf, stubbornly persisted in their rebellion. In the name of 'the Lord God of Israel,' Moses now commanded those upon his right hand, who had kept themselves clear of idolatry, to gird on their swords, and slay all who persisted in rebellion. 'And there fell of the people that day about three thousand men.' Without regard to position, kindred, or friendship, the ring-leaders in wickedness were cut off; but all who repented and humbled themselves were spared."—*Id., p. 324.*

The Point of View

IT was Lena's week to wash dishes and Rita's week to wipe them. Lena worked silently, with her lips, if Rita had but noticed it, set in a line that indicated resolve. Rita worked gayly, chattering every minute. Presently she dropped a fork. She picked it up and tossed it into Lena's dish pan. "Company's coming," she announced blithely.

Lena fished out the fork and laid it carefully aside. She washed the pile to the last saucepan; she scraped the sink; last of all, she rinsed out the wiping towels—all in silence, which Rita, absorbed in her own news, failed to notice. But she did notice the fork finally.

"You've forgotten the fork," she said, as she turned away with a pile of dishes.

"No, I haven't," Lena replied. "I've struck."

Rita whirled round, to the imminent danger of the cups and saucers in her hands.

"*Struck!*" she cried, "Lena Richards, what on earth do you mean?"

"Just what I said. Do you realize that you drop something every single time I wash dishes—sometimes two or three things?"

"But, Lena—how absurd! As if it took half a second to wash a fork over!"

"Even at one fork a meal," Lena said inexorably, "it would mean twenty-one forks a week, ninety forks a month, more than a thousand a year. It takes some time to wash a thousand forks."

"If you take it *that* way," Rita exclaimed in disgust.

"I do—I take it *that* way. Not so much for the time as because it gets on my nerves."

"Oh!" Rita said thoughtfully. Then a dimple appeared—her thinking dimple, Cousin Theodora called it.

Three days later when Lena went to Rita's room ready for an afternoon of calls, she found the room empty. A paper was pinned to the door, on which Rita's gay little writing ran:

"I'm going on, Lena dear. I've waited six minutes. Yesterday I waited seven. Six minutes a day is 2,190 minutes, or 36½ hours, or a day and a half a year. I felt I couldn't waste it. RITA."

Lena frowned indignantly. Then a reluctant look of amusement crept into her eyes. She found a pencil and added one line to the notice:

"Quits. L. C. R."

Then she started for the Andersons'.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere."

Bits of Advice

CULTIVATE the habit of gentleness.

Do not shun the lowly because they are lowly.
Prefer to appear capable rather than smart.
Be generous in words and acts of forgiveness.
Resolve to do better each day and then do it.
Keep up courage when others begin to show signs of discouragement.

Make it the rule of your life to think kindly of others, no matter what they may think of you.

Remember that we live in thoughts and deeds rather than in breaths and years.

Stand firmly for the right at all times and in all places.

Consider the time that you spend in religious meditation and worship well improved.—*Boys and Girls.*

— But

OF all the useless word barriers ever coined, "but" takes precedence. Grammarians call it an adversative conjunction. It is all of this and more. When put to work and into life, it typifies obstruction and inaction.

Here's the way it works. I feel fine,—but. Everything is all right,—but. I should have accomplished a lot I set out to do,—but. I'll do it,—but. Like a wet blanket, like a slap in the face, "but" seeks to dampen the very ardor of one's soul and to squeeze out the last full drop of hope and endeavor inside one's heart.

Muster the forces of your character and dismiss "but" from your service. Just drop it,—that's all. Here's the way it will work then. I feel fine. Everything is all right. I will accomplish a lot I set out to do. *I'll do it.*

Failure is the father of "but." Success and achievement never heard of the word. If you have ever heard of it, forget it—without delay.—"*Take It.*"

A Mother's Influence

AMOTHER on the green hills of Vermont was holding by the right hand a son, sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as she stood by the garden gate one morning she said: "Edward, they tell me, for I never saw the ocean, that the great temptation of a seaman's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink liquor."

"And," said he, for he told the story, "I gave the promise, and I went the globe over, to Calcutta and the Mediterranean, San Francisco and the Cape of Good Hope, the north and south poles; I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes, and today I am innocent of the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet this is not half; "for," still continued he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty years. 'Do you know me?' 'No,' I replied. 'Well,' said he, 'I was brought drunk in your presence on shipboard. You were a passenger.

They kicked me aside; you took me to your berth, and kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother. I said I had never heard a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and today I am master of one of the finest ships in New York harbor, and I came to ask you to come and see me.'"

How far the little candle throws its beam! The mother's words in the green hills of Vermont! God be thanked for the mighty power of a single word!—*Wendell Phillips.*

Preparing the Way

IT is not unusual for the Lord to prepare the way in some very definite manner for his workers; but such instances are never without their special interest. They show so clearly that the Lord takes account of all the world individually, and is interested in the spiritual welfare of each person. The following incident recently experienced by one of our lady colporteurs is one of many such occurrences that might be cited to show that the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the earth to point the way of life to those who know it not. Miss Shaw, who had the experience, says:

"One day I stopped at a home. The woman invited me in as if she expected me. After giving her a canvass, she leaned back in her chair and said: 'I had a dream about that book the other night. I dreamed that I took the book and wrapped it in a sheet to keep it clean. It was exactly the same book, pictures and all.' A wave of wonder swept over me, for it certainly seemed that the Lord had been guiding affairs.

"Although the woman was quite poor, she decided to buy the book. I feel certain that the Lord had sent her the dream so she would get the book, and perhaps to strengthen my faith."

Prayer

How sweet in some secreted place
To kneel before a throne of grace,
And lull the tide of pain and care
By telling all to God in prayer.

When death comes by and takes a friend,
It seems that joy has found an end;
But when we go to God in prayer,
We always find a solace there.

A staff is prayer in Christian life;
It takes away the earthly strife,
It lifts the soul above despair.
Oh, what a power there is in prayer!

FLORENCE BALLARD-WOODEN.

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